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The JOURNAL

The Literary Magazine
of Wofford College

Spring 1945

The

JOURNAL

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

Spring 1945

Wofford College

Spartanburg, South Carolina

1854 - 1945

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The Journal

The Literary Magazine of Wofford College

VOLUME LV NUMBER ONE

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BUY WAR BONDS!

WITH THE EDITOR

Our first words in this year's *Journal* are those of thanks — thanks to Converse College for allowing the *Journal* to exist last year. Our experiment of combining with the *Concept* proved to be a happy one, as the combined *Concept - Journal* took first place at the annual South Carolina Collegiate Press Association at Anderson last November as the best college literary magazine.

Again we are back on our own campus with our own publications. As we separate from the Converse publications, we wish them all the success in maintaining their superior standards in the literary field.

Our experiment has proved beneficient to both schools in adjusting ourselves to war-time conditions. In the words of Dr. Gwathmey, "We have forged another link in the chain of friendship between these two colleges."

In this issue of the Journal we welcome our president, Dr. Greene, who brings us the inspiring life story of John Bunyan.

Back again after serving in the armed forces are two experienced Wofford writers, Morrell Thomas and Richard Isley. Thomas wrote for the Wofford publications before leaving for the Army in '43. This year he is serving as managing editor of the *Old Gold and Black*. His short story, "First Prize," appears herein. Isley, an ex-Navy man, is a member of the Publications Board and is represented by a play and a book review.

New members in the ranks of the literati are two freshmen, Curtis Pearcy and D. L. Ward. Pearcy is from the "Geetchee" country and writes an essay on the distinctive dialect of this region. Ward has written a short short story in the O. Henry vein, "The Climax."

We have followed with interest the recent events at William and Mary, where the student editor of the college publication touched off the powder keg of Southern race prejudice among the faculty. The student, a northern girl, thought that in the future Negroes should " . . . go to our classes, participate in college functions, join the same clubs, be our roommates, pin the same classmates, and marry among us."

It was interesting to note the attitude of the student body. While not necessarily agreeing with the editorial, they did not want censorship of their publications. In fact, they would rather have no publication than a censored publication.

It is specifically stated that the Publications Board of Wofford College shall act in *financial* control of the publications, but will not act in any way as a board of censors. Material in all Wofford publications is selected by the student editors alone. This does not mean, however, that the faculty will not act in an advisory capacity when asked.

This seems to be the ideal set-up, and we would recommend it to the faculty of William and Mary, who are making a mockery of our democratic ideal of "Freedom of the Press."

This year the *Journal* owes its being, not to the student activities fees, but to our advertisers. The firms you see represented in the following pages by advertising did not advertise for their own good so much as for the good of Wofford. They have our well being at heart, and it is up to us to see that they receive our trade. Patronize our advertisers.

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JOHN BUNYAN

WALTER K. GREENE

The Inspiring Life Story Of A Great Man — By Our College President

It is well for a practical age to be reminded that it owes something to the dreamer. People still perish for want of a vision. The circle of earth's heroes is not complete when immortal statesmen, warriors, and scientists answer the roll-call. The names of immortal dreamers must also be called.

In the hamlet of Harrowden, in 1628, was born a tall, rawboned, shock-haired, red-headed son of a tinker. This same tinker's son died in 1688. If these two dates can be looked upon as two hill-tops of political freedom, the intervening space was a long valley of oppression. So Bunyan lived when the souls of men were severely tried.

The name of the son of a kettle-mender was not registered in the social calendar, and the circumstances attendant upon Bunyan's youth were not at all conductive to the development of the highest type of manhood. He was afflicted with the greatest curse in the world — the curse of ignorance. He was taken out of school before he had completed the work of the grammar-grades. His chief business, for a while, was to call at the homes of more respectable neighbors for pots and kettles and to return them when they were mended. He wasn't reared. He simply grew up. He says he didn't go to school to Plato or to Aristotle. Our minds instinctively turn to that other great Puritan of his day who was learned in all the wisdom of the Ancients. John Bunyan knew something from experience about a Paradise Lost and a Paradise Regained, and he had a spark of nature's fire bright enough and hot enough to kindle his tongue and pen into flame.

Before he came to have the experience of Paradise found, he did those things that made him regard himself later as chief of sinners. He tells us all about it in *Grace Abounding* — his spiritual autobiography: "I had but few equals, especially considering my years which were tender, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the Holy Name of God." He says he was the ring-leader and the sin-breeder in the ringing of parish bells, in dancing, and in the reading of the history of Sir Bevis of Hampton. He really thought at one time that he had committed the unpardonable sin.

At Elstow, about two miles from Bedford, is the simple cottage where, between 1647 and 1649, he took his bride with her patrimonial inheritance of two books — *The Practice of Piety* and *A Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven.* They were so poor, they "didn't have so much as a dish or a spoon" between them. The young bridegroom had almost forgot the little he had learned at school and his wife taught him how to read again.It took great courage to embark on that hazardous sea, thus equipped.

Bunyan's wife was probably the chief instrument in his conversion although the part played in this by ministers of the Established Church is not to be discounted. She read to him from her two books of devotion, and she induced him to go to church twice every Sunday. If this is interpreted in the light of modern practice, he was madly in love.

Not all people experience the same method of conversion. Some do not even remember when it happened. Others are struck with a blinding light and hear a Voice from the sky. In a Sunday game of tip-cat, Bunyan suddenly sees himself as the chief of sinners, and he hears a Voice saying: "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" This was not the moment of his conversion. I do not know what his mental reaction was exactly, but I am pretty sure he didn't regard it simply as an explosion in his subconscious mentation. Here we have the meeting of the intense religious excitement of an age with the keen imagination of a man. We are told that, while mending pots and kettles, he is struck with the pious conversation of three or four old women.

There is sufficient evidence to show us that Bunyan was a very religious man — he had a keen sense of the supernatural. He said he "had two priceless friends — the *Bible* and the *Book of Martyrs* — and One like unto the Son of Man was always by his side".

In 1653, Bunyan united with John Gifford's congregation in Bedford and in 1655 moved to Bedford to be near the church he loved. Here he set up a tinker's shop and gave himself much to preaching under trees, in farm-houses, in barns, or wherever the people would hear him. By 1660 he was the recognized leader of the Non-conformists.

Sometime before this Calvin had declared that every individual had a right to think for himself. This bit of leaven worked its way into English hearts and Puritanism was born. After Charles II came to the throne, the old Acts of Uniformity and Supremacy were revived and religious liberty was denied; for all religious services were to be conducted strictly in accordance with the *Prayer Book* of the Established Church and all congregations were to adopt the Episcopal form of government. On the following Sunday, 2000 ministers in England and 400 in Scotland left their churches and went out into the fields to preach. This, too, was forbidden under heavy penalty.

John Bunyan soon came under suspicion. He heard the call of God to preach, but "human voices warned him to stop." The Great God knows when and where to get His leaders. When He wanted a leader to bring 3,000,000 slaves out of bondage in Egypt, He created a baby boy by the banks of the Nile, rocked him to sleep in an ark of bulrushes, and pierced the heart of an Egyptian princess with the babe's tender cry. When He wanted a leader of the common people in the licentious days of the Restoration, He went to the home of a Bedford tinker and raised up John Bunyan.

If nothing else had happened to give this man immortality, there is one thing that should have done so — he dared to think for himself when it was dangerous to do so. We call Petrarch the first modern

(Continued on Page 18)

FIRST PRIZE

MORRELL L. THOMAS

A Hectic Day In The Life Of Young Ray Matthews

CAMERA CONTEST TO BEGIN FRIDAY.

FIRST PRIZE $200. ENTER NOW.

The bold two-inch headlines characteristic of "yellow journalism" tabloids challenged eleven-year old Ray Matthews. He hurriedly scanned the news story: "To enter, fill out the printed blank and mail not later than . . . All entries will be considered . . . first prize will be $200, second . . . Don't fail to enter . . . *You* may be the winner . . . "

"I know whut," thought Ray; "I won't let Pop know 'bout it. And when I win that $200 . . . whee, I can see the ole man's face now!"

Followed a busy week for the young camera addict. He frantically tried all subjects available: flowers, dogs, cats, and even his father - under the shower, at that. But he gave up the latter when his mother destroyed the negative. "Accidentally, on purpose," he accused with precocity which bewildered his well-meaning parents. Then a thought struck him. Opal, of course! Why haden't he thought of her before?

And for the Matthews' hired woman the next few days were times that try maid's souls, times of hectic dodging of cameras. Everywhere she turned she collided with Ray and that inevitable kodak. She broke three of the best glasses when he stuck the camera in her face as she was coming through the swinging door; she knocked the box of cake flour in her hair when Ray peered over the top of the cabinet; she screamed and fainted when he popped the instrument at her as she was leaving the bathroom.

Ray thought the best of all was the one he snapped just as Opal was handing the elevator boy a dish of left-overs. Young as he was, he realized that the case of a hard-working woman caring for a shiftless husband is chock-full of human interest. Only the elevator boy wasn't Opal's husband. But that's getting ahead of the story.

Came December 13th. Ray set the alarm for four o'clock the next morning; as soon as it awakened him with that heretofore dreaded clatter, he jumped out of bed and dressed in a jiffy. He jerked open the door, and . . . there was no paper! Gee, why's that boy have to be so doggone late? Ray sat down in the living room and impatiently awaited the slow delivery. After about fifteen minutes he heard a noise at the door and, glowing with adolescent anticipation, opened it again. False alarm! Milkman.

Ray should have known that the paper is inevitably late on the mornings when you'd like it to be on time. The paper office would probably blame the tardiness on the war and manpower shortage, but we all know that the paper was late, even before the war, It finally came, though. Ray tore it open, and there, on the front page, was *his* picture . . . the photograph of Opal.

But the headlines weren't about his winning first place, he discovered with a tinge of jealousy. Oh, so here's the story way down near the bottom of the page. "Glory be," exclaimed the excited boy, "Look at this: 'Ray Matthews, eleven-year-

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SUMMER SCENE

CHARLES D. WILLIAMS

The Inhabitants Of Rocky Creek Have Little Diversion Except Checkers And Gossip

The hot summer sun bore down unmercifully upon the little general store at Rocky Creek. The store was a rudely-constructed affair. Its unpainted exterior showed the results of many long days under the broiling Carolina sun. Still the village inhabitants liked to gather in the shade of its front porch to exchange greetings and perhaps a little gossip. The porch was also perpetually inhabited by a group of local checker players, men whose sole diversion was this slight titillation of the mind. Indeed such a game was now in progress.

Frank Evans leaned against a solitary gray post of the porch. With his eyes he watched the game, but his mind seemed to be far away, the same way he looked when he worked in the fields or helped with the chores around the house. He did not look like a dreamer; his face was tanned from outdoor work, and his rolled-up shirt sleeves revealed rippling muscles in his strong arms. However he was affected like the others by the ennervating sun, and his posture suggested utmost laziness.

The two natives involved in the game held the board between them on their knees and used bottle caps for checkers.

In spite of his little exertion, Sam Osburne was sweating profusely. He was a large, flabby, shapeless hulk of a man who owned a nearby farm. This fact was testified to by his grimy blue overalls and the peculiar paste of red-clay soil and perspiration that clung to his sockless feet. The game was a great effort to him, for he grunted with every move and mopped his face with a soiled bandanna.

The other participant was Will Purnell, the local postmaster, who had slipped off from his duties next door. He was a tall, thin individual with sunken cheeks and an indoor pallor. He seldom said anything of his own accord, letting Sam carry the brunt of the conversation. His face was a pale expressionless mask as he concentrated on the game.

"Hot, ain't it?" mumbled Sam as he daubed his forehead.

"Unh-hunh," agreed Frank from his post.

The postmaster said nothing but shoved a bottle cap forward. Sam jumped it with his own and continued, "Bet it's a hunnert degrees in the shade. It's goin' to ruin every crop I got."

"It ain't that hot - - whyn't you take your jump, Sam?" Frank remarked.

Will looked up with an annoyed glance but said nothing.

"Well dad burn if I didn't miss it completely," said Sam, "but it's a wonder you saw it the way you been moping around dreamy-eyed like a sick calf." He turned to Will and stage-whispered, "I believe he's got a girl."

"That ain't so," denied Frank, who flushed a deep red. At this Sam began to wheeze in spasms of laughter. This turned into violent coughing, and he had to pull out his bandanna to wipe away the tears.

"It's your move," said Will solemnly. Sam again focused his attention on the game and, after deliberating some time, moved a man.

Frank looked up quickly. Coming out of the postoffice and approaching the store was an apparation of loveliness. It was the new school teacher, Evelyn Ross. She wore a sunny yellow dress the same color as her honey-blonde hair that was being blown loosely by the warm breeze. A few short, quick steps brought her to the porch. "Good morning, Frank," she said in a lilting voice.

Frank was momentarily speechless as he met the smiling gaze of her brown eyes. "M-morning, Miss Ross," he stammered and immediately looked down at his feet, slowly reddening. The two men absorbed in the game looked up startled and mumured their greetings.

"How's the game?" asked Miss Ross in her musical voice. She didn't await an answer but entered the store. The screen door slammed, the men went back to their game; but Frank looked after her for a long time, trying to penetrate the screen with his gaze.

It was not as if he had never seen

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GEETCHEE

CURTIS PEARCY

An Essay On A Distinctive Southern Dialect

In the coastal region of South Carolina, the black man far outnumbers the white man; consequently the black man in many sections seldom sees a white man or hears the "King's English." These Negroes have developed a dialect of English entirely different from the original that many people are prone to call it a language rather than a dialect. This tongue is called Gullah by most people not living in its midst; but in the sections of the country where it is spoken, Gullah is a slightly different dialect, the pure language being known as Geetchee*. The Gullah of the low-country is the dialect of the plantation Negro, a cross between a pure Geetchee and English. The terms Geetchee and Gullah may refer not only to the dialects, but also to the people whe use these dialects as a common tongue. In South Carolina Geetchee is spoken mainly in Beaufort, Colleton, Charleston and Georgetown counties, more specifically, on the islands near the coast of these counties. These coastal regions are a mass of small river islands reaching, in places, fifteen miles inland from the Atlantic. No one of these islands could be designated as the center of Geetchee; they are all its stronghold.

The causes of these dialects or languages are not hard to locate. The two most important, perhaps, are living conditions and associations. In slave days the master seldom talked with the slaves, but the slaves picked up enough English to get along. They probably combined the old tribal languages brought from Africa with some of the new English words. After emancipation many of the ex-slaves remained in the old cabins, or lived on a few acres of their own. Still they lived apart from educated people, in poor circumstances, many never seeing the inside of a school. They talked only with each other, and therefore, had no need for any means of communication except the broken English. Many live even today in places where contact with the outside is rare, and attendance in schools even rarer. They farm a little, but mostly they "lib off de crick," eating fish, oysters, crabs, and other aquatic life. They still have no reason to relinquish their language.

The Geetchee and Gullah are spoken languages because the people who use them cannot, as a general rule, write. People have tried to put Gullah or Geetchee in print, calling it dialect, but no print can catch the color and drawl of these picturesque tongues. Perhaps the most notable work in dialect is the Uncle Remus series by J. C. Harris. Uncle Remus is a North Georgia Negro. His speech has little or no bearing on the Geetchee of coastal South Carolina, but Mr. Harris' work is well known for its dialect throughout the entire United States. The *Black Border* by A. E. Gonzales catches as near as is possible the true sounds of the Geetchee. But then it is written in English, and English does not possess the quaint phonetics of Geetchee. It is possible to give phonetics of Geetchee. in English, but only through association with one fluent in Geetchee can the true feeling for its pronunciation be obtained.

The Geetchee is a lazy tongue, much lazier than English. Perhaps in no other tongue is it possible to do so much with so little. Four main vowel sounds are ever in the Geetchee's mouth. They are, as approximations, "uh," "e," "um," and "a."

"Uh," the most common, is the dominant note of the Geetchee's harmony. It is his personal pronoun "I;" his brother is "brudduh;" his father, "farruh;" his sister, "sistuh" or "tittuh;" his river, "ribuh," his shadow, "shadduh."

Next in frequency is "e," a contraction of the English for he, she, it. (Gender holds no importance at any time.) If a man relinquishes hold on this world, "E dead." If a fruitful woman blesses the world with an offspring, "E hab chile." If the sky threatens rain, "E gwine wedduh."

A twin of "e" is "um," meaning him, her, it, or them. Who caught those

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* I have never before seen this term in print. This spelling is the nearest I can find to the pronunciation. —Author.

LETTER FROM HOME

WILL KENNEDY

Dear Bill,

It was good to get your letter. The folks all enjoyed it, even though it frightened them.

It must be pretty rough out there. I could read more between the lines than Mother and Dad — I hear the fellows talking when they come back. All the cold, the uncomfortable lodgings, the danger, the constant strain — it must be terrible. The fellows I've seen have said it's just plain hell!

But, Bill, you don't know what hell is, really! It's been six months now since they turned me down. I believe my knee's all right now, but they are afraid of it. Say they don't want the responsibility! So it looks as if I'm out for good.

I'm a sophomore now, Bill. I'll finish in another year and a half. Finish for what? I wonder. I know — every college graduate improves our country, but gee — why couldn't somebody else have had the bum knee? It's hard to take the long-range view of this thing — it would be so much easier to be out there with you. A class in 18th century literature seems a long way off from Pearl Harbor and World War II. Really, you probably hate being over there in the rough, away from home, but I wish I were there with you.

The other day I overheard some girls throwing off on the "4-F's" at a recent dance. It's that way all over, only not usually so open and forthright. Old boys keep coming by school. That makes it harder — we can't forget it when uniforms hang around and people say, "Did you see so-and-so when he was here?"

Folks here don't understand. They tell you about their boys out there with a sort of "too bad your knee is hurt" tone — say you are lucky, but you can feel that they are wondering about you. "If he can dance and walk around to college why can't he fight?" Gee, Bill, It's tough here too. All the soldiers aren't in the front lines - -.

I'm sorry this is such a sob letter, but your describing the fighting just made me realize how little my part in this war really is.

Well, so long, Bill. Take care of yourself and write us real soon.

Your brother,

Jimmie

THE CLIMAX

D. L. Ward

The Story Of A Man Who Faced The Supreme Test Of Courage

The room is small; the night is dreary. The hour is just before dawn. There is barely enough light in the room to see clearly. The ash tray is filled with cigarette stubs, and tobacco smoke fills the room with a dingy blue haze. Facing the door is a small, high window opening on a blank wall. In the center of the room is a small, substantial table and two gray folding chairs. A deck of cards is scattered on the table.

Two people are in the room. One is a man of twenty-six years of age. He is of medium build, and his brown eyes glitter in spite of the dimness of the light. His drowsy appearance shows lack of sleep. His dark suit appears to be of a dingy brown color in the dimly lighted room. The suit is wrinkled as if he had been sleeping in it. His vest is unbuttoned, his red tie is loose, his beard is heavy, and his brown hair is out of place. The other occupant is a man of fifty-five years of age. He more or less favors the younger man and appears to be his father. The elderly man is dressed fairly well, but his bloodshot eyes signify lack of sleep.

The younger man looks as if he were in deep despair. He is nervously puffing an eternal chain of cigarettes. He slides his hand across the table, knocking cards to the floor. He gets up from his chair and paces across the floor. Then he sits down.

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THE SAD TRUTH

R. Kerr Isley

A Play Of Modern Hypocrisy

Scene I

The home of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith in Derbyville, U. S. A. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are reading the local paper while son Charles is gazing covetously at something in his hands.

Mrs. Smith: Charles, what do you have in your hand? You have been looking at it for the past fifteen or twenty minutes.

Charles: Oh, nothing particular, just some "T" stamps I picked up so Harry and I could do some riding around in his car before he goes in the Army.

Mrs. Smith: What in the world are you doing with "T" stamps; we don't have a truck. I think that's the most unpatriotic thing I ever heard of, riding around on illegal gas. *(Turning to Mr. Smith.)* I want you to speak to him about this, John.

John: Huh? What's that?

Mrs. Smith: About the gas, dear. He and Harry are planning on using some "T" stamps to ride around on. Why, that's just the same as their working for a fifth column or something.

John: What's wrong with it, I'd like to know? After all, they're both going in soon and, by gum, I think they ought to have a little fun before they leave. And by the way *(looking sagaciously at his wife)* didn't you and Helen and some other friends of yours go up in the mountains last summer on some left-over "C's"? *(Looks back to Charles and winks.)*

Mrs. Smith: *(A trifle disconcerted.)* That's beside the point; we, well, ... that is, we were using some that were left by Doris's husband before he left. They would just have been wasted. But this is different.

John: Oh, no, darling, it isn't different. You and your friends are just as guilty as you are accusing Charles of being.

Mrs. Smith: Well, last summer's case is irrelevant in this connection. After all, the radio commentators and the newspapers and movies tell us that we should turn in all gas stamps that we don't use and that we shouldn't get any gas illegally.

John: *(Looking at her increduously.)* Do you actually believe all that tripe and worthless propaganda.

Mrs. Smith: *(Shocked.)* I'm surprised at you! And you call yourself a loyal American citizen.

John: *(Retorting with disgust.)* Well, if you believe those commentators when they say that the average American family devotes their time and sacrifices their pleasures for patriotism with zeal and sympathy, you're a blind fool. And if you say you practice what they preach, I'll say you're just an unadulterated hypocrite.

Mrs. Smith: I would never have believed you would talk like that. Why can't you be like Mr. Sellers? I'll bet you he wouldn't say such things about sincere and honest efforts on the part of the people of this country. *(She leaves the room.)*

John: *(Calling after her.)* Sellers is a hypocrite; that patriotic talk of his is probably just a talk for camouflage. He probably runs a black market. *(Turning to Charles.)* Did you just throw those tickets in the wastepaper basket?

Charles: Yeah, I suppose mom's right; I really felt we shouldn't take a trip on boot-leg gas all along.

John: Son, I want to ask you something. How many or rather what percentage of the people that profess patriotism are really sincere? You tell me.

Charles: Gee, dad, I don't know . . . . . I suppose most of them.

John: You're more gullible than I thought. I'm satisfied that about two per cent of this country is really sincere about being patriotic, so my contention is, why should you sacrifice what we've been talking about when it will mean only a drop in the ocean. Also, look at the gross misappropriation of funds by the Army and Navy and you can see another reason. In short, this country is not whole-heartedly behind the war effort.

(Continued on Page 20)

"One Big Heave Will Win . . . "

CROFT'S
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Urges You To Increase Your

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The Final Day Of Victory!

WITH THE BOOKS

BEN AMES WILLIAMS. LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN: HOUGHTON MIFFUN CO., BOSTON, 1944.

In this novel, the author, no doubt, is putting into the leading character's life and personality that which he has always hoped his own life and character had possessed. For Richard Harland, around whom the whole plot evolves, is chaste, considerate, very versatile, peerless in every respect, and a paragon of human greatness. However, the other character dilineations are not so well-drawn: indeed, they are a trifle cruel and show us at once that the author never possessed the keen powers of observation that have marked such great novelists in the past as Hardy and Meredith. Perhaps it would be best to clear up any misunderstanding I might have given with respect to the real leading character. I admit that the dust-cover and book club reviews we read of this book tell us clearly that Ellen Brent is the person about whom the entire plot moves, but if you have read many advertisements or many New York *Times* reviews and then read the books in question for yourself, you have probably found that your own opinions are far from coinciding with theirs.

Before I begin a brief summary of the plot, let me say that I think this book has not been classified correctly: indeed, it should be on the mystery shelf, the mystery being, of course, how it could place third on the New York *Herald-Tribune* book review for the month of November.

So much for that. Now to a brief summary of the plot. Richard Harland, young and successful novelist, is on his way to New Mexico when he meets a young lady, Ellen Berent, who forms a sudden attachment for him because he resembles her father. Naturally she is seductively beautiful and possesses many alluring artifices sufficient to trap a simple, trusting, and innocent young man. Her mother and half-sister are with her on this trip, and when Richard meets her, she is still treating them with her usual disrespect and hate. Indeed, it is at this point that we begin to perceive dimly that she is a devil incarnate, but, in the event we do not, novelist Williams will take care of that before we finish the book.

A few days later the young novelist reaches his destination in New Mexico, the ranch of Glen Robie. Unknown to Harland, the Berents are also invited to the same ranch, and he is informed of this by his genial host Glen. Now the plot begins to thicken; Ellen begins her campaign to win Harland, and Harland feigns ignorance of her unlady-like designs. Finally, she completely wins his affections when the two narrowly escape death in a flooded canyon. The novelist gives us his best dramatic narration in this scene.

Shortly after the escape, they are married, much against the wishes of Mrs. Berent, and the two depart for Warm Springs, Georgia, where Ellen is to meet Harland's brother Danny, who is a victim of infantile paralysis. Of course, the cruel and heartless Ellen hates Danny from the start and almost at once seeks a way to eliminate him from the scene. The novelist

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is attempting to point out that she is possessive to the point of being insane.

Well, to make a long story short, she does kill him: in fact, she drowns him in a lake at the summer resort, "Back of the Moon." However, Harland sees her from the shore, but he loves her too much to inform the authorities. This is hard to account for when we remember the love he feels towards his brother, but then, Harland isn't a strong character. After this he begins to loathe her, and Ellen, realizing the danger, calmly announces she is about to have a baby. If she counted on this move bringing Harland back to her, she certainly calculated right. When she is back in her husband's favor, a thought troubles her: what if the child should lessen her husband's love for her? Only one thing to do in that case: kill the baby. Obviously, this isn't a very hard thing to do, and she manages to bring about a miscarriage by falling down the stairs.

After this, Harland is openly hostile, and Ellen, realizing she has no other means in her power to bring him back, kills herself and plants incriminating evidence against her own sister, before she carries out her suicide. Of course, her reason for throwing guilt on her sister, Ruth, is that Richard has begun to pay his respects to her. In the long trial that follows, Ruth is exonerated, by the perjury of Leick, an old camping friend of Harland's. Finally, the Prosecuting Attorney, who was an old beau of Ellen's, brings up the proper evidence and indicts Harland for being an accesory in Danny's death. Harland and Ruth accept the court's decision with grim resoluteness and the plot culminates with a tragic and surprising end.

—*Richard Kerr Isley*

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GEETCHEE

(Continued from Page 10)

fish? "Uh ketch um." Did fire burn your house? "E bun um." Another favorite use of "um" is to attach it to parts of the verb "see," making "shum," which is all forms of the verb. Do you see her? "Uh shum." Have you seen her? "Uh hab shum." "Will you see her? "Uh gwine shum."

The English vowel "a" as in "bat," "hat," "at" is the fourth favorite. After dark the Geetchee is afraid to walk the "paat." His children play in the "yaad." His ox pulls his "cyaat."

Singular or plural is used regardless of the number involved. The whim of the speaker is the sole criterion. One common exception is "ox." An ox, if not called "cow," is invaribly "one oxin," and three oxen are "tree ox."

The sound of "v" is occassionally used, as neighbor, "navuh;" but when the English uses "v," the Geetchee uses "b." If the man is angry, "E bex." If the woman talks to excess, "E onrabble e mout."

These are only a few of the many peculiarities of Geetchee. The material available will fill volumes.

The Gullah differs from the Geetchee in many ways, but the most notable difference is the fact that Gullah is much nearer the English. The slow, drawling tones of the Geetchee, impossible to put on paper, are modified considerably. The Gullah words are closer to their English roots, and lack the African tribal influences still found occasionaly in Geetchee.

The influence of Geetchee on the white man is very great in the areas where the Geetchee Negro abounds. Most Caucasians of such places speak fluent Geetchee. Their English, especially pronunciation, is largely affected by the knowledge of, and constant association with, the Geetchee. Their tones are soft; they have a tendency to slur words. Nothing is really objectional about this pronunciation, but it causes endless comment among people whose pronunciation is, by nature, harsh.

Geetchee is, perhaps, of little or no economic value to South Carolina. Yet it is in the state, and spoken by many of the citizens of the state. More should be known about it, if for no reason other than the fact that it is here, in the midst of the life of South Carolina.

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JOHN BUNYAN

(Continued from Page 7)

man, because he dared to dispute the authority of Aristotle. He helped to overthrow this perpetual dictator of all fine arts and set the face of the world toward the goal of independent thinking. Since that day men have dared to express their thoughts, though to do so has often led to imprisonment in filthy dungeons and in many cases to humiliating death.

The mind of man is ever the mistress of the world and there is one thing that human power can never do — it can never control human judgment. "It may level forests and change the course of rivers; but it cannot subdue the mind. Millions of all conditions and of both sexes have been sacrificed in the attempt. But the immortal mind of man will ever exercise the inherent right that God Almighty has given it and that none but God can take away — it will think for itself."

Of course Bunyan landed in jail, but it is not always a disgrace for a man to go to jail. That depends on why he gets in and who puts him there. In 1660, Bunyan was sent to jail for three months without bail for preaching without a license; and the three months with a brief respite, lengthened into twelve years. They could hold his body, but they could not chain his mind. When the edge of his speech was dulled, he sharpened his pencil, and we who run may now read.

You occassionally hear of people going to jail today to get a good boarding house; but not so then. Bunyan's prison cell was twelve feet square, on the river bank, and below the level of the water. The floor was muddy and the walls were damp. Here he spent one-fifth of his life, — the forced companion of criminals — "and the only charge against him was that he preached the gospel contrary to the demand of the king." In spite of his cell, stone walls made no prison for him, because his mind to him a kingdom was. The reason he stayed there so long is that he told them he would preach again if they let him out. How much easier it would have been to say: "If you'll just let me out, I'll go home and be a good little tinker." If he had said that, there would be one less book in the world, for souls like that do not write immortal allegories.

In 1672, Charles II issued an Indulgence granting freedom of worship to dissenters. Bunyan was freed from prison, given a license to preach, and was made minister of the Baptist Meeting at Bedford where he labored for sixteen years. In three years he was again thrown into prison for six months. This prison was on a bridge across the river Ouse. Here he wrote most of *Pilgrim's Progress, Part One.* Here, indeed, he made sermons out of stones and a book out of a running brook. He wrote sixty books in as many years and Macaulay, in commenting on two of them, said if *Pilgrim's Progress* had never appeared, *The Holy War* would be the greatest allegory ever written.

He preached frequently in London. It is said that when Bunyan was announced to preach, a congregation of 1200 could be gathered together at seven o'clock in the morning and that 3000 heard him on Sunday. He had probably come out of the toad stage and, very likely, some of his congregation felt that they, like Judas, would burst asunder. Bunyan, "the world hath need of thee at this hour"!

The big thing about Bunyan is that he did what he did at the time he did it. "The jail was his study." Just as the lily lifts its head out of the scum of a stagnant pool, so *Pilgrim's Progress,* written for his own amusement, came out of the mildewed walls of a prison cellar. But we can change the figure and, as Forman says, it "sprouted out of the common people and the English Bible as a rose out of soil and sunshine." Bunyan said: "It came from my own heart, so to my head, and then into my fingers trickled."

"For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled, it came; and so
I penned
It down: until it came at last to be
For length and breadth and bigness
which you see."

Only five copies of the edition of 1678 have survived. One is in the British Museum and another is in the New York Public Library. Bunyan lived to see ten or eleven editions during his life-time and many foreign translations. One hundred thousand copies were sold before 1688. Today, it is second only to the *Bible* in the number of languages into which it has been translated. It has been translated into 122 languages and dialects and in the New York Public Library there are more than 600 versions or editions on the shelves.

I have no authority for saying how widely read it is today. If it is being neglected, it will survive, for it has the note of truth, of universality, of dauntless faith and courage. "Its roots are buried deep in the English tongue, the *English Bible,* and the human heart." It is the only allegory that explains itself. It is a skillful blending of literary excellence and spiritual content. It is a superb example of the infinite wealth of English diction. It is a picture-gallery crowded with portraits true to life. It is the life-blood of a master-spirit and the record of universal human experience. The Road that leads from the City of Destruction, through the Slough of Despond, into the Valley of the Shadow, and through the river that flows before the Celestial Throne, is the road that every man must travel. What happens on the other side of the river is another matter, but Bunyan does not overlook the possibilities there.

In 1688, while riding in London, Bunyan was drenched in a storm and seized with an illness from which he did not recover. Thus the Bedford tinker passed, not softly but speedily, "into that far country where the hail-storms and the fireshowers do not reach and where the tired traveller at length lays down his heavy load". He was buried in Bunhill Fields across the road from the tomb of John Wesley.

In Bedford, also, stands a monument to his memory. On the top of the pedestal and at the feet of the imposing image of Bunyan is a block across which hangs a chain. This is not only a symbol of his earthly suffering, but a tribute to the power of his unconquerable soul. He was:

"Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and
not to yield" and he put all
chains beneath his feet.

THE CLIMAX

(Continued from Page 12)

He is continually looking at his wrist watch and saying: "Why don't they come to get me? Why don't they tell me something? Why do they wait? I am ready. Why do they keep me in suspense? Oh, these long hours. They seem to pass so slowly." The elderly man tries to console him by telling him that everything will be all right.

Then the younger man starts again. He speaks about his wife. He tells of the pleasant hours they have spent together. He speaks of their long gone courting days and of their marriage. "But now," he says in despair, "see what is happening to me. I hope my darling wife takes it all right. I hope it won't be hard for her to bear."

Again the elderly man breaks in and says to him, "Please don't worry about it now, my boy. What has been has been, and worrying will not help the matter."

The young man shakes his head and says, "Well, maybe it will be the best for her and for me. All I can do is hope that it will be."

At this moment, the door of the room cracks open and the younger man jumps up with an expression of extreme anxiety on his face. Now a nurse clothed in a white uniform enters and says, "You can come in now. Everything is all right. You are the proud father of a baby boy, weighing eight pounds."

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THE SAD TRUTH

(Continued from Page 13)

(Daughter Alice comes into the room)

Alice: What's all this oratory about?

John: We were just discussing superficial flag wavers.

Charles: Dad says that he thinks . . . . .

John: I know.

Charles: Well, he knows, that only about two per cent of the country are genuine in their patriotic efforts.

Alice: I think that's an awful thing to say: why everybody is behind the war.

John: You women, and your ideas . . .

Alice: All I know is that everyone is buying war bonds, and working in war plants.

Charles: Yeah, that's right; you can't deny that, pop. Sis has something there.

John: She has a lot of false information, if that's what you mean. When the war's over, these "flag-waving" bond buyers will be the first ones to cash theirs in. In fact, some of 'em can't wait; they're doing it now.

(Taking his coat and hat.) Well, I'm not trying to argue with you kids; in fact, I'm just telling you the plain truth. Oh, you may not see it now but you will later.

(Leaves the room

Alice: Father's been getting awful grouchy lately; I don't think he really means what he said, do you?

Charles: Yes, I kinda think he does mean it. He's got something though, but I don't know really what stand to take.

(Both leave the room.)

SCENE II

Again the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a few hours later.

(Discovered: The Rev. Deems and Charles talking.)

Deems: The question you ask is a hard one to answer, Charles. Would you mind telling me why you asked?

Charles: Well, dad, and I were talking about patriotism today and when he said that ninety-eight per cent of the country were not genuine in their belief, it started me thinking. I asked you because I feel you are well informed enough to tell me.

Deems: *(Placing his hands palm to palm with fingers extending heavenward.)* Well . . . Charles, *(sanctimonious pause)*

your father is a little positive, I think, but *(stilted laugh)* of course, we can't censure him for that. - - - At the start, there is one thing you should keep in mind: we are not perfect beings, but we are ascending to a higher moral plane every day. I think we must believe in the innate good of mankind, and it is this factor that we must bear in mind when we begin to look analytically at the sincerity of the masses professing unity for a cause.

Charles: Well, do you mean that mankind is becoming better morally? Why then do some say that our age is degenerate and wicked and that moral standards are becoming steadily worse.

Deems: *(Raising right index finger in prescribed manner.)* Tut, tut, my boy, don't listen to those fanatics. We men of education regard such as insignificant. Why, I heard one of them on the street corner preaching that one could be saved in an instant, whereas we know that it is a lifetime of work.

Charles: But the scriptures teach that it can be brought about in an instant.

Deems: Let's not diverge, my boy. To continue: education is more highly developed today and more widespread: hence moral and social conditions are better. Therefore, I say that this country is sincere in its patriotic endeavors.

Charles: Then, I'd better not use those "T" coupons I have.

Deems: Decidedly not! My advice to you would be to tear them up unless you wish that I should take them to remove the wicked temptation from your eyes. *(Aside)* My brother could use them on his camping trip.

Charles: No, I think I'll keep them, sir.

Deems: As you wish. Well, I really must be going; I hope you have benefited from our little discussion.

Charles: You'll never know.

(Exit Charles and Deems.)

(Enter Alice and friend Pamela.)

Alice: Calm down, dear, and tell me why you rushed over here so fast.

Pamela: I have the most wonderful news; I know where we can find some men.

Alice: Be still, my heart!

Pamela: You remember me telling you of the talk I had with Mr. Hardy?

Alice: "Nat' ile."

Pamela: Well, he wants us to go on a

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salvage drive for the community, and he told me this afternoon that there are going to be some men from Belmont to help us. Won't that be utterly super? Just think — some real hunks of incarnated masculinity!

Alice: Gee, it just seems too good to be true; I'm so tired of these fifteen-year-old jerks I could scream.

Pamela: Of course, dear, *(smiling coyly)* we're doing this to help the country, too; at least that's the impression we've got to give them.

Alice: Oh, but definitely.

Pamela: Then, chuck your studies and let's take off for the Jive Dive.

Alice: Contact!

(Exit Alice and Pamela)

SCENE III

(Same setting. Mrs. Smith and neighbor, Mrs. Bumbletweed, conversing as refined and charitable friends should.)

Mrs. Bum.: My dear, have you seen that hussy, Mrs. Turnbull, lately?

Mrs. Smith: No, I haven't *(gleefully)* but what's the latest dirt about her?

Mrs. Bum.: Yesterday, when I was in the grocery store I happened to run into her. She had an armful of canned foods with high point values and when I asked her (tactfully, you understand) how she did it, that brazen woman told me she asked some friends of hers for them and that they gave her enough to buy all she wanted. It seems these friends didn't prepare meals at home, or something like that.

Mrs. Smith: Why, I think that's terrible. It's people like her that are holding up the war. I wouldn't think of doing a thing like that, would you?

Mrs. Bum.: Of course not; if some of us weren't loyal Americans, I don't know where this country would be.

Mrs. Smith: Speaking of the war, I just can't understand why Germany and Japan don't give up. I've always felt that if we just asked them in a nice way and promised to let them remain intact that they would give up.

Mrs. Bum.: I agree with you. Oh, there's your telephone.

Mrs. Smith: Excuse me a moment. *(Talks a few minutes and comes excitedly back into the room.)*

Mrs. Bum.: Is there anything wrong?

Mrs. Smith: That was Doris; she just phoned to tell me that a grocery store on the other side of town just received a large shipment of sirloin and if we hurry we can buy them out before anyone else finds out about it.

Mrs. Bum.: That's the best news I've heard yet; we'll stop by my house for my ration books.

(Exit Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Bumbletweed)

(A minute or two later Charles is gazing into the fire reflectively when a knock is heard at the door; he opens the door and Mr. Wiseman, a friend of his father, enters.)

Wiseman: Good evening, son. Is your ole man in?

Charles: Nope, "Wisey", he went out about an hour ago; anything I can do for you?

Wiseman: Young man, you wouldn't treat your elders with such levity if your father were here, but *(smiling)* personally I like it, makes me feel young again. Even if we didn't do it when I was young, I still say that you're better off than we kids were then.

Charles: You're one of the most reasonable older persons I've met, in fact, you're strictly on the beam.

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Wiseman: Well, real living consists in growing up with the generations following you and in your own life. But, after all, it's only human to think our own generation the most fortunate, the one that took the hardest licks, and the one that produced the best men . . . . . and you'll say the same thing when you're my age. The most lamentable thing is, however, the shame of the whole thing, for those who talk about the glories of their own childhood, etc., do so for their own consolation.

Charles: What do you mean "for their own consolation"?

Wiseman: Simply this: there is a yearning in their own hearts to live in the age you and your friends are now living in. This cannot be done however, and this is compensated for by elevating their own time. It is usually after a person's death that we look back sentimentally on their periods of kindness, considerations, and other admirable qualities. And, as is only fair, we don't remember any of their faults.

Charles: "Wisey," I'd like to get your opinion of something. Today I picked up some "T" coupons so a friend of mine and I could take a trip to the mountains with a couple of jills. When I told Dad, he told me to go ahead and do it, but mother, Sis, and Reverend Deems thought it was unpatriotic. What do you think I should do about it?

Wiseman: When do you go up for induction, Charlie?

Charles: We both go up next week.

Wiseman: I'm not going to tell you what to do one way or the other, but I will point out some things worth considering, I think. - - - Sometimes the deepest regret we can have results from the frustration of a cherished desire . . . . . Now, you and your friend . . . . .

Charles: Harry.

Wiseman: You and your friend are both young and you are soon to enter service. If you are old enough for induction, you are mature. Hence, it follows from this that you are old enough to know your own mind. When you return, and we are trusting you will, you will be a man in every sense of the word. Therefore you will not be able to capture these unforgettable memories of youth before they have mounted on wings to maturity from whence there is no returning. Then, too, it is often the case that those who prescribe our conduct are not in a position to do so, that is, they don't practice what they preach.

Charles: I'm beginning to see this a little more clearly.

Wiseman: In short, if you feel justified in your own conscience, go ahead. And in the case of you men going in service, it would be good to remember old Omar when he said:

"Ah! Make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend,
Dust into dust and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, sans end."

Charles: I think I understand this a lot more clearly now. I do feel justified, I do, I do, and I don't care what anyone else says — I'm going right in and get those stamps out of the wastepaper basket now. *(Goes over to the basket.)* . . . . . Say, well . . . . whadda ya know about that?

Wiseman: What's the matter, son?

Charles: Somebody's taken them.

FIRST PRIZE

(Continued from Page 8)

old son of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Matthews of 184 West 59th street, has been awarded first prize of $200 in the *News* third annual camera contest, it was announced late last night. Second place was taken by . . . "

He was just going to arouse his parents and gloatingly proclaim the news when another front - page photograph caught his eye. "Huh. Why it's Jim, the elevator boy. Now whut's he done?" The lead headline gave a definite clue. LONG-SOUGHT THIEF TRACED THROUGH CAMERA CONTEST.

"Good gosh," the reader ejaculated. "It says here, 'Through the first prize picture in a recent camera contest, police officials were able to trace the mysterious robber who last month daringly entered the local First National bank and alone escaped with fifty thousand dollars to a fashionable apartment on West 59th street, where he was working under an assumed name."

Ray was dumbfounded. His eyes wandered down the story and came to rest

on *his* name. Well, what could his name be doing here? "Patch my pants," he used the juvenile expression which currently was popular . . . "The thousand-dollar reward offered for clues leading to the capture of the criminal will be intrusted to Marvin T. Matthews until his son Ray becomes of age." . . . "Well, of all the luck!"

Ray was aroused suddenly from his mental spending of twelve hundred dollars by the sound of sobs. Tip-toing to the kitchen door, he saw Opal perched on the high kitchen stool, holding a paper and crying as if her heart would break. And, indeed, it was already broken.

The maid frequently talked to herself, and Ray could hear her sobbing, "And, to think, I just gave him my whole week's pay!"

SUMMER SCENE

(Continued from Page 9)

her before. Her face had been familiar to him now for a month, ever since she had come to teach at Rocky Creek. Ever since their first meeting he had found himself thinking of her more and more constantly. He could picture her laughing brown eyes and golden hair as he worked in the field or did the jobs around the house, even when he shut his eyes to go to sleep. His heart throbbed violently when he saw her. She had a peculiar light-headed effect on him, and he could do nothing but stammer in her presence.

"Crown him," demanded Sam gleefully as he shoved his man in the opposite corner of the board. Will slowly balanced another cap atop Sam's king.

"You're really taking a licking today," said Sam.

"Humph," commented Will.

'You know, that little Miss Ross is as pretty as a picture," said Sam, "she just flits around so busy all the time."

"Where's she from?" asked Frank, trying to sound very casual.

"She came from Wilmington, if I ain't mistaken."

"She born there?"

"Dog if I know. She don't talk like a Southerner, but that might be 'cause she's a teacher, Your move, Will."

Just then the screen door opened and Miss Ross appeared with an armload of groceries. This time she didn't speak but flashed a smile at them as she passed. Frank grinned back sheepishly and followed her with his eyes until she was out of sight.

"Wonder where she lives," thought Frank aloud.

"Who?" asked Sam. "Oh, you mean Miss Ross. She lives all by herself in that little white house next to Reverend Taylor's."

"Wonder if she hasn't got any friends."

"She got a letter today," Will stated dryly.

"Who from?"

"Why it was from — how should I know?" said Will.

Sam chuckled. "You know dadblamed well you know where all the mail comes from."

"Well, it was from overseas."

"Probably from her husband."

"Her husband?" Frank exclaimed, shocked.

"Yeah, he's an Air Corps man; flies a bomber over China, I think."

Frank's body seemed to droop against the post. He gazed down at his right shoe.

"Your move, Will."

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